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St. Francis Xavier.

'Twas night. The savage roamed no more
Amid the forest shade.
The labors of the day were o'er.
St. Francis knelt and prayed.
His breast was bared, his arms upraised,
His eyes on heaven fixed.
With longing, burning love he prayed
With joy untold unmingled.

"Enough," he cried by tone made bold.
"Enough, oh Lord, for me
"The torment of thy joys withhold
"Or call me swift to Thee."
'Twas night: The Saint to slumber deep
His wearied limbs had given
But visions mingled with his sleep:
Strange visions sent by heaven.

O'er desert wild, o'er ocean vast,
Of angry winds the play,
'Mid searching heat, 'mid wintry blast
Plods he his toilsome way.
Sorrow is his and shame and hate
Labor and anxious care;
He faints, he sinks beneath the weight
His voice is heard in prayer.

"Yet more e'en though my heart should break,"
The Saint exulting cries,
"Yet more to suffer for thy sake
"Yet more for souls the prize."
Great Saint, my coward heart grows weak
It wearies of the strife:
Teach me, like Thee, no more to seek
Comfort nor joy in life.

But toil the anxious laborer's gain
And war the warrior's rest,
And pain, for Christian now no pain,
Since 'twas by Jesus blest.
To win to God the wandering sheep
For whom my Jesus died,
For whom on Calvary's blood stained steep,
My Love was crucified

—Francis Hall, C. Ss. R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

"We're goin' out," said Doherty.

"Why? What's the trouble now?" asked Father Casey. "I thought you builders got another advance in wages only a month ago."

"A—ah, an onsignificant rise of fifteen cents an hour," returned Doherty, spitting viciously at the gutter. "That's not a drop in the bucket. We're out for a real rise this trip. There's a lot of building in this burg that simply has to go on. They've no alternative but to give us what we ask. Capital has been pressing the life blood out of labor long enough. We have them on the hip, and we'll make them come to time."

"What do you mean by 'capital'?" queried the priest.

"Capital? Why, you know capital—the—the capitalists—the men with bloated fortunes. What's that Teddy Roosevelt called them? 'Malefactors of great wealth.' That's capital for you."

"Men who have a great deal of money?"

"Yes."

"Now, if you happened to get a lot of money yourself, would you be a capitalist?"

"Divil a chance!" said Doherty.

"Still it is possible," urged the priest. "The Doherty clan is scattered over the four quarters of the globe. Who knows—one of them may pick up a nugget some day!"

"True," said Doherty, "even a blind hin sometimes finds a grain of corn. But what good would that do me?"

"You yourself might be the 'blind hin' in the case. Or the Doherty that struck it rich might die intestate and leave you a share in his fortune. The question is, if you got a lot of money, would that make you a tyrant towards every honest laborer?"

"No, if such an impossible thing would happen, I'd treat my men white."

"Would you give them everything they would ask?"

"I'd give them every cent was comin' to them," said Doherty.

"Suppose they wouldn't be satisfied with that?"

"I'd talk it over with them, man to man, and give them what we both agreed was right."

"Suppose they would refuse to talk it over with you, man to man, and would insist on what you knew was more than a just wage?"

"They wouldn't do that. The laboring man is square and—"

"Come, come, now, Doherty," said Father Casey, "you know that even among the laboring men there are dishonest fellows who would take something for nothing if they got a chance. Cowan, for instance, is a laboring man. Did he ever pay back that money he borrowed from you?"

"No, he didn't, the robber! I'll see him in—"

Father Casey broke in just in the nick of time.

"Are you acquainted with any capitalists, Doherty?" he asked.

"I haven't the pleasure," said the builder with mock solemnity. "I've been waitin' till my calling cards come from the printers."

"What about Cullen here and P. J. Brown—both millionaires many times over?"

"Oh, I know them. We belong to the same Conference of St. Vincent de Paul."

"Are they tyrants—pressing the life blood out of labor?"

"Oh, they are all right. They're kind to the poor and square with their men."

"But Cullen's men went out," said the priest.

"They didn't want to quit, but the union ordered them out on a sympathy strike account of the riveters. They had no grievance against Cullen. Cullen's all right. So is Brown."

"Is it then your conviction that St. Mary's Parish has the only two honest capitalists in the world?" asked Father Casey.

"Oh, I suppose there are others," Doherty admitted.

"You know there are others. You know there are both honest men and rogues among capitalists quite the same as there are honest men and rogues among workers, and the activities of each class is sometimes directed by the honest men, and sometimes by the rogues. It is not the square thing for you to take for granted that every demand of labor is just any more than it is the square thing for the capitalist to take for granted that every demand of capital is just. Since there are honest and dishonest men in the ranks of both classes, the demands of each party are likely to be sometimes just and sometimes unjust. It is your duty, as a fair-minded man, to submit these demands to an unprejudiced examination before you accept or reject them."

"I'm tellin' you, Father Casey," returned Doherty, "it doesn't take any examination to see that we builders have a right to a rise. My rent went up again this month, and I hadn't been makin' enough to meet it as it was."

"That is beating the devil around the stump," said Father Casey; "you demand higher pay for building because rents have gone up, and they demand higher rents because the cost of building has gone up. When will this thing ever be finally settled?"

"When it's settled right," said Doherty.

"And that will be?"

"When they give us the wages we ask and stop risin' prices on us."

"They declare that they are ready and willing to give you what is just, but they claim you are asking more than you are entitled to."

"Well, they are wrong and we are right," decided Doherty. "Unless they come to terms by tomorrow morning, out we go. There'll not be a nail drove nor a brick laid in this city until they come across."

"Don't say that, Doherty; it sounds bad. It is simply the old principle, 'Might is right.' And you know that it is the basic principle of intolerance, tyranny, persecution, autocracy, and many other ugly things that free Americans detest."

"There you go again, Father Casey. Why are our priests forever combining with the monied classes to grind down the poor? It's enough to drive all honest Catholic workers to socialism!"

"Now, Doherty, don't talk foolish. The Catholic Church and the Catholic priests stand, and have ever stood, for justice to all, to employee as well as employer. I defy you to adduce an instance where they ever aided capital to take unjust advantage of labor."

"This is the first time in history that labor was able to force capital to grant us our rights, and you are trying to stand in our way."

"Far from standing in your way," said the priest, "we are ready to use every influence at our command to see that you get your rights. But we object to your saying that your demands are just simply because you have the power to enforce them. That is nothing but the principle of tyrants and autocrats that 'Might is right.'"

"What then would you have us do—lie down and let capital trample on us until they get a virtuous feelin' and ask us to please accept more wages?"

"What we would have you do is arbitrate the question with your employers and, by good will and mutual understanding, come to a settlement that is just to all concerned"

"Arbitrate!" cried Doherty. "We've been arbitratin' till our stomachs are empty and our elbows are out! Arbitration don't get us nowhere!"

"Not changing the subject, Doherty, I understand that difference between you and your Cousin Mike about the little inheritance has been amicably settled at last. You had two lawsuits. You won one and he won one. And now, they tell me, you went to work and settled it between yourselves, and you are the best of friends again."

Surprised at the sudden change of topics, Doherty regarded the priest in a puzzled manner but at last replied:

"You see it was this way. I was under the impression that Cousin Mike was trying to take advantage of me, and Cousin Mike was under the impression I was trying to take advantage of him. Well, durin' the last illness of his daughter Mary, my wife and I tried to act like Christians and stand by them in their trouble. The day of the funeral, Cousin Mike came to me, and he says, 'Owen,' he says, 'I've misjudged you, and because I've misjudged you, I've wronged you. I don't want a cent that's not comin' to me honest,' he says, 'and now I know that you don't either. Tell me what you think is right,' he says, 'and with God's help, I'll do it,' he says. In five minutes we settled the dispute that had caused bad blood between both families for five years."

"Congratulations!" cried Father Casey. "I had the story from your wife yesterday, but I wanted to hear you tell it yourself, for it is right to the point in our little discussion. The reason why capital and labor cannot arbitrate a satisfactory settlement is because they persist in meeting as enemies instead of friends. Each party is convinced that the other wants to take an unfair advantage. There are plenty of honest men on each side. Let them get together in a spirit of friendly co-operation and come to an honest settlement. This will require concessions from both sides. The man that is not ready to make a reasonable concession for the sake of peace and the common good, is not an honest man but a selfish and stubborn tyrant."

"When capital was in the saddle, it showed no inclination to make reasonable concessions," said Doherty doggedly.

"Then capital was wrong, but that is no reason why labor, now that it is in the saddle, should follow the same tyrannical tactics. Two wrongs do not make a right. Be honest yourselves. Demand only your honest rights. Use only honest means to obtain them. That is the best way to make the other party honest. No dishonest victory can ever be lasting."

"Do you mean to say," demanded Doherty, "that we are never allowed to strike for higher wages?"

"I mean to say nothing of the kind. In extraordinary cases, after you have tried all other means in vain, you are allowed to conduct a lawful strike to secure your certain rights. I say, in extraordinary cases, because a strike is an extreme measure. A strike, especially when it hinders the production or distribution of the necessities of life, brings suffering to the people at large. If it is not clearly justified as the only means of securing your certain rights, it is a violation of God's law. Every man who encourages it, nay, every union man who does not vote against it, is guilty of grievous sin. Remember, God's law is binding upon you as a union man the same as it is binding upon you as a citizen or a church member. If the unions are careful to observe God's law, they will have the respect and moral backing of every honest man. Then you will be certain of ultimate success in all your just demands."

"We needn't worry about the justice of our demands," said Doherty. "No matter how much our employers pay us, they will always take care to make their share of the profits."

"That is the principal reason why you must be most careful about the justice of your demands. No matter what wages your employers pay you, they will see that they get their share of the profits. In fact, they *must* see to it, otherwise they would not be able to conduct a safe business nor give you steady and reliable employment. They must make enough, not only to have a fair profit when all is going well, but to be able to tide them safely over disasters, damage suits, strikes, declines in price, extraordinary taxation, and a hundred other things. They must conduct a safe business, or you will not have reliable employment. Therefore when they advance your wages, they will pass on the advance in the form of a rise in price to the consumer. If the advance in wages which you demand is strictly due to you, the consumer must be willing to pay the price. But if the advance in wages is more than you are entitled to, you are guilty of injustice towards the consumer. You are using force to acquire money that does not belong to you. That is robbery—nothing else. Whether you hold up your neighbor with a gun and take his purse or hold him up with a strike and make him pay for your unearned increase in wages, your guilt is the same. Unfortunately, employers and employees, in adjusting wages, often consider only their own selfish interests and totally ignore the rights of the consumer. This is unfair. If three men were necessarily concerned in a deal, and two of them would get together and arrange

it to their own advantage at the expense of the third, those two men would be crooked. The employer, the employee, and the consumer are necessarily concerned in every wage adjustment. If the employer and the employee make the adjustment in such a way that they receive more than their just due and the consumer must pay the cost, then the employer and the employee are crooked, and no amount of plausible reasoning will justify them in the sight of God and their fellow men."

"All we ask," said Doherty, "is a fair day's wage. If, because we get that, the consumer has to pay an unfair price, that's not our fault. It's up to him to fight it out with the employer."

"Every honest man, whether he is a consumer or an employer," returned Father Casey, "wants you to receive a fair day's wage—but he has a right to expect you to give him in return a fair day's work. I've heard it said that the present high prices paid by the consumer are due, not so much to the high wages as to the fact that the workers produce only half as much in a day as they did formerly."

"We produce as much as we agreed to produce. As long as we live up to our contract, we are not doing anybody any injustice."

"You may not be failing against justice," said the priest, "but are you not sometimes failing against charity? I remember when we were boys at school, a stranger came into the class room one day during recreation and set a box of candy on the teacher's desk, telling us to help ourselves. We were filing up the aisle one by one when a big bully jumped over two or three desks and running ahead of all of us grabbed two big handfuls of candy, leaving only about one piece for each of the rest of us. He didn't exactly fail against justice, but nevertheless you know what we called him."

"A confounded hog!" said Doherty.

"Exactly! And everybody that tries to grab as much as he can and give as little as possible in return, no matter how others feel about it, is 'a confounded hog'. You are willing to put yourself to some pains in order to relieve the difficulties of a respected next door neighbor. Christian charity requires this. In like manner if you can relieve the difficulties of the general public—keep down the cost of living—by doing a good earnest day's work instead of restricting yourself to the least possible amount that you can get by with, you are practising Christian charity towards many people. Charity requires that you contribute towards the welfare of others whether you know them by name or not."

"That all sounds very nice, but let the fellows in the swell cars practice charity first; then we'll be willing to go them fifty-fifty on it."

"That is not Christian charity you are talking about, Doherty. That is commercialism. Charity requires that you be helpful towards your neighbor regardless of whether he is helpful or not, just as justice requires that you be square with your neighbor regardless of whether he is square or not."

"Then," said Doherty, "charity and justice don't get you nowhere."

"Oh, yes, they do. They get you to heaven," said Father Casey.

C. D. McENNIRY, C. S. R.

WHAT GOD HATH PREPARED

St. Augustine was once asked by a friend of his, Severus by name, to write for him a short treatise on the happiness of heaven. The Saint retired to his room in order to undertake the task; but finding some preliminary difficulties, as was his wont, he intended to write to his friend St. Jerome for advice. But what happened? The Saint tells us himself:

"Of a sudden the little room was filled with a wonderful light, such as had never been seen and such as no language could describe; and with it came an inexpressibly sweet fragrance. Astonished and beside myself at this, I heard a voice that clearly spoke:

"What are thou doing, Augustine? Dost thou think to put the mighty ocean into a little vase? or to span the earth round with your hand? Dost thou seek to see what eye hath never looked upon? Dost thou wish to grasp what heart of man hath never understood? With what measure dost thou seek to measure the immeasurable?"

"Whose voice was it?" continues the Saint. "It was St. Jerome's, to whom I was about to write." That very day he had died at Bethlehem, and had gone to heaven. And now, with God's permission, he came back to tell his friend that the joys of heaven beggar all description.

Therefore the Saint wrote to Severus: "This joy, this majesty, that will be our happiness in heaven, goes beyond all thoughts, all feelings, all words. What God hath prepared for his friends surpasses all our faith, surpasses all hope and love, surpasses all our desires and longings. This happiness we can win, but never esteem enough; we can merit it, but never describe it."

THE QUEEN OF MAY

ST. LUKE I, 39-45.

Don't you see why the Catholic Church has consecrated the month of May to Our Lady? Look around and observe how completely the work of winter has become a thing of the past; how thorough the triumph of Spring-time now beams upon you. Through winter all was dark and dead and cold in nature. Now all is aglow with sunshine, athrob with vigor and life, and the leafy trees and verdant fields and lovely flowers cheer our souls as with the soothing harmony of a silent song. But why should it remain silent? Have you forgotten the message of the Angel to Mary? "Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus. . . . And of his kingdom there shall be no end." Broken and gone is the kingdom of Satan, dark and dead and cold. Firmly established forever shall be the kingdom of Jesus, a kingdom of light and life and love. As Mary softly murmured her consent, the great fact was accomplished. The glories of Nature form the Golden Harp that vibrates in universe-wide accompaniment to the words of the Angel and the songs of the Church. Heaven intones its anthem: "Hail, full of grace; the Lord is with thee." The grateful, joyful Church responds: "Hail, Queen of May!" Through her the Savior came; now let us see what part is assigned her in diffusing the grace of salvation.

MOTHER MOST AMIABLE, PRAY FOR US!

"And Mary rising up in those days went into the hill country with haste into a city of Juda. And she entered into the house of Zachary, and saluted Elizabeth." The Angel Gabriel has just proclaimed her the holy Mother of Christ our God. Probably she spent *some time* in prayer and recollection, just as we make our prayer and thanksgiving after Holy Communion. In fact it seems to be a marked characteristic to treasure the words that refer to her Son and to herself. Thus, for example, when the shepherds had visited the Holy Child in the Cave of Bethlehem and told their story about the angels in the field, St. Luke goes on to remark about Our Lady: "But Mary kept all these words, pondering them in her heart" (II, 19; again v. 51). Besides, the journey made some preparations indispensable; for its length was for over a hundred miles; its difficulties are indicated by the fact that a goodly portion of it lay across a mountainous region; its hardships must be gauged by the primitive methods of travel then in vogue.

Her haste bespeaks the *joy* that floods her heart; a joy bred of the glad tidings brought from heaven; joy at the bliss in store for all mankind, joy at the blessing just announced for Elizabeth; joy in harmony with the gladness of Our Lord Himself who had taken flesh to redeem the souls He loved; a joy that she would soon communicate to the Great Precursor; joy at the thought that now she could share in gladdening the hearts of others.

A lovely joy indeed! Yet it grows all the lovelier when we consider the *virtues* that surround it as petals of heavenly glory blending into a corolla of loveliness round our Mother's joy. Love for God prompts her to obey His slightest wish, though only faintly hinted in the words of His messenger: "And behold, thy cousin Elizabeth, she also hath conceived a son in her old age." Love for her neighbor: she sees an opportunity to be of assistance and hastens to seize it, no matter what odds stand in the way. Love for her Son: He comes as the open fount of saving grace and she hurries to thirsting souls that they may be sanctified. And with all this her wonderful humility: she had called herself the handmaid of the Lord. It was not an empty boast or conventional phrase; no, she hastens to prove herself the handmaid of men for God's sake. Even the saintly Elizabeth will express her amazement at such humility. One lesson for us: she comes to assist Elizabeth, comes unasked. How anxious must she be to assist and help! How trustful should be our prayer: Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us!

MOTHER OF DIVINE GRACE, PRAY FOR US!

"And it came to pass that when Elizabeth heard the salutation of Mary, the infant leaped in her womb. And Elizabeth was filled with the Holy Ghost." The Angel Gabriel had greeted her as full of grace. And we see that she was full to overflowing. She was instrumental in bringing the Savior to earth, physically as Mother, and morally by her meritorious consent. Now we see her instrumental in dispensing the graces of salvation to men.

The *fact* is clear. The Infant Precursor leaped for joy, for he was now freed from original sin, and the prophecy of the Angel was accomplished: "He shall be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb" (St. Luke I, 15). His mother, St. Elizabeth, too, was filled with the Holy Ghost. And what was the instrument of such outpouring of the Holy Ghost? The inspired writer, St. Luke, himself plainly states it: "And it came to pass that when Elizabeth heard the

salutation of Mary," then wondrous effects were wrought. St. Elizabeth herself, when filled with the Holy Ghost, makes the same assertion: "For behold, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in my ears, the infant in my womb leaped for joy (v. 44). Now dare we underestimate the far reaching floods of grace that now welled up from Our Saviour's Heart and gushed from the lips of Mary—when we bear in mind that St. John was foretold and really proved to be the Forerunner of the Messiah and His Kingdom of Universal Salvation? Surely a momentous office in the Economy of Grace!

The general law of Our Lady's mediation in the realm of Grace is just as clear. Don't imagine this is merely an isolated case and has no possible application for you. Of course, it has. 1. God speaks to us by facts as well as by words. This fact is plain and yet so luminous that even a child can grasp the lesson and lisp the sweet words: "Mother of divine grace, pray for me too". 2. Then so many other instances of Gospel facts and Gospel statements must be discarded as merely isolated cases too; then the wings of hope that bear our souls to heaven would be sadly crippled and broken. You are too reasonable to persist in such a process. When Our Lord invited little children to come to Him that He might bless them, you will not confine his love to those particular individuals alone. When He pardoned the Magdalen, you consider it an assurance that He will forgive all who come to Him with similar sorrow. So too in our case: we are instructed as to Mary's position in the order of grace. And this scene swells out into colossal proportions when you try to estimate the wide-spanning dimensions of the graces now given by her intervention: graces that go to constitute the Forerunner of the Redeemer. 3. The actions of Christ are presented to us as models and patterns. Surely His first acts are deliberately calculated. Now His very first profusion of grace, addressed to one so eminent as St. John the Baptist, is made through Mary. Just so will His very first miracle in Cana of Galilee be wrought at her intercession. Surely that reveals a consistent plan. 4. Her role in the grand work of Redemption manifests God's Will and design all the more clearly. St. Paul thus contrasts Our Lord with Adam: "For as by the disobedience of one man, many were made sinners; so also by the obedience of one man, many shall be made just" (Rom. V, 19). Just so does the early Church contrast the influence of Mary with that of Eve: "As Eve by her disobedience became the cause of death to herself and all mankind; so did Mary by her obedience become the

cause of salvation to herself and to all mankind." These are the words of St. Irenaeus (Adv. Her. III, 22, 4). 5. She is that "Woman" promised in Genesis III, 14-15, who will ever be at enmity with Satan; whose enmity will triumph over the Gates of Hell forever. But that triumph will be realized only by the grace of Christ which she shall wield and dispense to her children. (Cf. *Liguorian* for 1917, page 120.)

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH—RIGHT AGAIN!

"And she (Elizabeth) cried out with a loud voice, and said: Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb. And whence is this to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me? . . . And Blessed are thou that hast believed, because those things shall be accomplished that were spoken to thee by the Lord." How often was our Catholic Church made the butt of scorn and ridicule on account of her devotion to Mary! Men appealed to the Bible to convict the Church of error. Yet can the Bible be more profuse and more eulogistic? Heaven and earth combine to sing her praises. And for what? Because she is Mother of Christ Our God (v. 42). Because by her intervention graces are lavishly dispensed (v. 44). Because she is the model of all virtues, most nearly alike to Jesus. Angels come from heaven; saints chant her glories upon earth; the Holy Ghost puts the words of our prayer and song upon our lips and the inspired saint asserts that they are the words of the Lord. Can anyone read this first chapter of St. Luke's Gospel and hesitate to become a Child of Mary?

Indeed St. Elizabeth cried out with a loud voice. Her hymn still re-echoes through our churches and our homes, wherever the name "Catholic" is held in honor. Then let the little children form their procession in honor of Our Lady this month; let their songs rise to heaven with the unstained innocence of their hearts; let the candles flame and expire in her honor; let the flowers breathe their fragrance at her shrine. The song of the angels will blend with theirs; the love of the Triune God will forever enshrine her in a radiance of matchless glory; her Child Divine will bless all that love His Mother.

JOHN ZELLER, C. SS. R.

The Bible is a window in this prison-world through which we may look into eternity.—*Dwight*.

THE BROKEN PROMISE.

A STORY FROM LIFE.

I.

"Heigho!" said Jim Winters, as he deftly fitted his necktie into place, "I didn't think it would be so hard to leave the old place, and I'm half inclined to stay, after all.—But pshaw!" he added, brushing his hand roughly across his eyes, "it's better I should go. Annie will take good care of dear old mother, and when I've made something of myself, I'll run down here every year for my vacation, and I know I shall make mother so proud and happy!"

Yes, Jim Winters was going to leave the old home in the little village of N., was going up to great, bustling New York. It was the old, old story. There had been a gradual development of intellectual power and acumen in an imaginative, eager young man, and as the weeks and months wore on, the familiar associations, the simple habits and interests of this quiet little town began to pall upon him. He experienced that confinement and repression amounting almost to a species of slow suffocation, and he longed to be up and away, out in the busy, active world, and abreast of the onrushing tide of progress and enlightenment.

He could not recall precisely when the idea had first taken possession of him. It had grown upon him almost imperceptibly, until at last he felt that for the sake of his peace of mind if for nothing else, he must go.

How distinctly he could remember that evening in the little sitting room when he had broken the news to his widowed mother, and how the look of pain and sadness which stole into her face had cut him to the quick and drawn from him that fervid, impassioned recital of all his hopes and ambitions, until little Annie, who was quite carried away by her brother's bright, glowing pictures, unable longer to restrain her enthusiasm, had cried out:

"Oh, mother, do let him go! I am sure he will be a great man some day!"

"Yes, so he would, so he would, little sister. They should all live to be proud of him yet!"

But somehow this bright May-morning, he did not experience that same almost fierce eagerness to leave the old place. And as he looked around his neat, little room which was linked with so many tender, almost sacred memories, while outside the tall linden trees were rus-

ting their leaves in the morning breeze, and the fragrance of lilacs and honeysuckle crept in through the open window, Jim Winters felt for the first time the keen sorrow there is in parting. Now Jim was by no means a sentimental dreamer. He was a man, every inch of him, strong, earnest, energetic. He was tall, broad in the shoulders, and remarkably well poised, and there was a marked expression of honesty and straightforwardness in the clean, smooth cut of his jaw, in his clear, brown eye, and his broad, open brow where the jet black hair fell carelessly over his temples. So he swallowed down his emotion, brushed the unbidden tears from his eyes, and snatching up his grip, started down the stairs to bid his mother and sister good-bye.

As he entered the sitting room, his mother rose to meet him. Mrs. Winters was a quiet, sweet, elderly lady, kind and loving to her children, and quite puritanical in her simplicity and religious conservatism.

"Good-bye! mother," said Jim, with an attempt at his old gaiety. "Don't you be lonesome while I'm away. I'll be down to see you in a year or two."

She took his hand in hers, and looked long and earnestly into his eyes, and Jim felt that tell-tale lump rising in his throat.

"Son," said his mother, "you are going away. I want you to make me two promises."

"All right, mother," said he, "if I can do it, I will."

"I want you to promise me, Jim, that you will never marry a Catholic."

"All right, mother, I promise you that."

"And I want you to promise me, Jim, that you won't drink."

"Now, mother," said Jim, "you know I like a glass of beer, and you know that I've never taken more than was good for me. You'll have to let me off that promise. But if ever I see it necessary, mother, I promise you, I'll stop."

He bade his mother good-bye but when he came to Annie and saw the tears in her eyes, he kissed her hastily, seized his hat, and hurried down the gravel walk. Half way to the gate, "Dick," the English setter, came barking and frisking about his master.

"Good-bye! old fellow," said Jim, "I'm glad that you don't know."

II.

"Drat the old tie!" said Jim Winters, as he tugged at that innocent article of apparel in a vain endeavor to satisfy his taste in the matter.

Now the tie really looked presentable enough any of the several

times he undid it with so ungentle and nervous a hand, but still Jim was not satisfied. He was the same Jim Winters of two years ago, and yet you would scarcely recognize him in his smart clothes and his hair so precisely kempt, were it not that his was a face and personality not easily forgotten. So this evening in his hotel in New York, Jim fumed at his tie, and smoothed his hair with unwonted anxiety and punctilio, until becoming suddenly conscious of the hot, fretting, ludicrous young gentleman whom the mirror reflected, he burst into a loud laugh.

"By Jove!" he cried, "I'm in for it; and I'm blessed if I know what I'll do if she throws me over"

Jim was in love, hopelessly so. It had happened in this wise.

On his arrival in New York almost two years before, he had secured a position as clerk in the Law Firm of Patterson & Briggs, and from the very outset it was clear that he was perfectly in his element. In fact, such seemed to be his adaptability for the profession of Law, that on the advice of Briggs, the junior member of the firm, he had taken up a course in that branch. Briggs, who was but a few years Jim's senior, had taken a decided liking to this honest, energetic young fellow, and the two soon became fast friends. Not many months before this eventful evening on which our scene opens, Briggs had reported to Jim a conversation with the senior partner.

"What do you think of Winters?" Patterson had said in his blunt way.

"What do you think of him?" said Briggs, waiving the question.

"Well, yes," said the elder man, with a twinkle in his eye, "I did notice that you and Winters have been getting pretty 'thick' of late. But I'll tell you what it is, Briggs, that Winters is a 'comer'!"

So it had become a settled point between the two men that after a time Jim Winters should become a member of the firm. From that day Jim had been walking on air.

Then one night at a ball with Briggs, he had seen a face that had haunted him ever since. To secure an introduction was a simple matter. Jim called once, twice, several times, until to his dismay he discovered that there were others in the field. The thought was maddening, and like all ardent, active characters, he determined to bring matters to an issue. As usual Jim confided in Briggs.

"Go in and win!" was the advice of his friend. No wonder he was so precise about his appearance this evening. "It meant just everything to him," he said.

Arrived at the "princess' palace," with a beating heart Jim awaited the appearance of the "lady of his dreams." After an agony of suspense, the door of the sitting-room opened, and Miss Dorothy Carroll advanced with a smile to greet him. She was a bright, engaging young lady of medium height, with laughing blue eyes, and a remarkably intelligent and beautiful face, crowned with a wealth of soft yellow hair. She was dressed faultlessly in white tulle, with a low frilled collar clinging about her slender throat.

"Good evening, Mr. Winters," she said, giving him her hand. "I didn't expect you this evening."

In the excess of his excitement, Jim's ordinary wit and good sense seemed to have gone wool-gathering. He opened his lips to speak, coughed nervously, and then becoming hopelessly embarrassed, flushed hotly and hung his head. But the next moment with a candor so characteristic of him, and that went straight to Dorothy's heart, he lifted his head with a quick movement, and spoke rapidly and earnestly.

"Miss Carroll, you must forgive me. I know you will think me terribly rude and ill-mannered, but I came to you this evening feeling that I must speak out, that I must tell you what is on my mind."

He paused. Dorothy was standing very still, with white face and downcast eyes. She had guessed what was coming but gave no sign.

"True, I have known you but a short time," Jim went on, "but that has been more than sufficient to teach me to admire you, to love you with a warm, honest love." Perhaps," he said tremulously as she did not look up, "perhaps you have not thought of it; perhaps I have pained you in speaking so soon. But, oh, Miss Carroll, if you knew how the thought has been consuming me, how I have spent sleepless nights wavering between hope and fear, I am sure you will forgive me for being so unconventional, perhaps even ungentlemanly. I don't ask you to answer me now, but you would make me so happy if you could tell me that I may hope."

"But, Mr. Winters," said Dorothy, still with her eyes cast down, "I know so little of you—that is, I know nothing about your—your religion."

"Nor I of yours," said Jim. "Perhaps I ought to tell you," he continued, "that I promised my mother never to marry a Catholic." Dorothy started, and, looking him full in the face, said with flashing eyes: "Then keep your promise, for I am a Catholic!"

Jim looked at her in silence as she stood there with her head

thrown well back, with all that pride and dignity which she could so well assume. For a moment there was a sharp conflict in his soul between this great new-found love and the promise he had made to his mother. Then he spoke slowly and deliberately:

"No, Miss Carroll, that promise was unreasonable; I don't think I need keep it."

"Yes, you may keep your promise," she replied, "for I too have made a promise to my dear mother that I shall never marry any other than a Catholic; and what is more, I intend to keep that promise." She was looking straight into his eyes, and, as she looked, all the pride and anger died out of her own eyes, and slowly and sadly she turned away her head. Jim saw the look and movement, and his heart gave a great leap.

"Dorothy," he said, coming over and taking her hand, "don't think I'm narrowminded or bigoted on religious matters. I will promise you anything you wish."

"No," she answered, withdrawing her hand firmly but not angrily, "it can never be. I won't break my promise, it may cost me my soul's salvation."

"Why then," he said, driven to desperation, "I'll be a Catholic. I'll be anything for your sake."

"No, you won't!" said the girl, again with that dangerous flash in her eyes, "not for my sake will you do it. But if you believe the Catholic Church to be the true Church, then, for your own soul's sake, and for God's sake enter it. And then—then I shall give you your answer. Good evening, Mr. Winters." And she swept from the room.

Some weeks later, Jim was waiting in the same room, this time calm and collected. Dorothy came down, but was very distant and reserved. Jim thought she looked worn and paler than usual.

"Miss Carroll," he began, "I have reflected on what you said when last I saw you, and I have inquired into the Catholic Religion. My investigation was as careful and cautious as though I were examining a case at law. I was perfectly satisfied that the Catholic Church is the one true Church. I am now a Catholic. And, Dorothy," he added, "I have come back to you for my answer."

She put her little hands in his great strong palms, and looked up so trustfully into his eyes.

"O, Jim," she whispered, "I am so glad! I prayed very hard for

you, and I was afraid you might think I didn't care!" Jim said not a word, but bending down, reverently touched her lips.

"But there is one thing else you must do for me, Jim. Will you promise me not to drink?"

A queer expression came into the young man's face.

"By Jove," he cried, "I'm caught again!" and told her how he had begged off that same promise two years before.

"And you won't let me off?" he queried.

"No, not I," laughed Dorothy.

"All right, you little witch! I promise."

III.

The month of May with all its fresh and tender beauty had come again to the little village of N—. The vines were climbing riotously about the old homestead, the lilac bushes were in full bloom, and the birds were making the morning air fairly throb with melody. But never flower seemed fresher, never bird sang more sweetly than did little Annie, as she busied herself with a hundred things about her brother's room.

Yes, Jim was coming home, Jim, her great, her idolized brother. With what eagerness, with what pure, unselfish joy she had read over and over again his letters to mother, telling of his success, of his ambition, and of his longing to see the old place once more. True of late his letters had been fewer and more brief, and Annie was troubled. Then one morning a letter had come so full of tenderness and penitent love. Jim had broken his promise, he had married a Catholic; he himself was a Catholic!—Could his mother forgive him? Might he come home with his bride?

"Yes," she had written back simply, "come! Though you have broken your promise, you are still my child. Your old mother will always welcome you home."

"Yes," said Annie, with tears in her eyes, "he was always her own dear brother. Always, always!" And today he was coming. So no wonder the little maid sang out her pure, young heart into the morning.

At last he arrived. How tall and stately he looked as he came up the gravel path with his beautiful young wife on his arm. "Dick" was nearly mad with delight when he caught sight of his master. "Hello, old fellow," said Jim, "are you glad to see me?" His mother kissed him very tenderly, and kindly welcomed Dorothy to their home. Annie

was somewhat shy with Dorothy, but she threw her arms about her brother and cried—"Oh, Jim, Jim!"

It was not many days, however, before Dorothy's bright and happy nature began to win the hearts of both mother and daughter.

Jim was quiet but very tender; he feared his mother was pained. One evening, not long after, when the night was closing in, he found his mother alone in the sitting room. Dorothy and Annie had gone out. Mrs. Winters was sitting very still near the window and looking out into the gathering dusk. Jim noticed the silver in her hair and the deepening lines in her face, and it smote him to the heart. He came over with a word and sat down at her feet. She seemed not to have noticed him. He took her hand in his and bowed his head over it, and his mother felt the warm tears on her hand. She looked down at him tenderly, and gently stroked his hair as if he were a child.

"It is all right, Jim, it is all right," she said.

"Mother," said the young man, "You are unhappy."

"No," she said, "I am thinking, thinking very much."

"And Dorothy?" he asked.

"I love her as my own child."

But it was Annie who puzzled Jim these days. Of late she had been so gay and happy, and she and Dorothy were now almost inseparable. Many a time he had come upon the two whispering together like two conspirators, and they had looked at him so mischievously, and laughingly told him he must not be prying into their secrets. Then, too, for the past few weeks they had been going out together, and on their return Annie had sat and talked to her mother far into the night. Clearly there was a mystery somewhere! Jim could not make it out. And when his mother began to accompany them on their evening walks, he was at his wits end.

"Jim," said Dorothy one Saturday evening, "are you going to communion tomorrow?"

"Yes, certainly," he replied, wondering at the question. "Why do you ask? I go every week."

"I know," said Dorothy, "but I wanted to make sure of tomorrow." Jim looked puzzled, almost pained.

"Don't mind, Jim, dear," said his wife, "you can trust me, can't you?"

Jim said he could.

Next morning he went to Church with Dorothy. The two went up

to Communion, and when Jim was going back to his pew, he saw his mother and sister go up to the rail to receive.

For a moment his brain was in a whirl. The secret conversations, his mother's thoughtfulness, the evening walks—all flashed through his mind. He put his hand on the pew to steady himself.

"Don't worry, Jim, dear," whispered Dorothy, "your mother and Annie are Catholics!"

Then the strong man broke down. He put his head in his hands and cried like a child. Years afterward Jim Winters, then a prominent lawyer, used to say, that those were the best prayers he ever said in his life.

"Oh, mother," said Annie, at the happiest little breakfast party in all the land, "aren't you glad Jim didn't keep his promise?"

"Yes," put in Jim, now in the highest spirits, "I think I shall have to break my promise to Dorothy not to drink."

"If you do," said Dorothy, "we shall all follow your example and become confirmed toppers!"

A. F. BROWNE, C. SS. R.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR DIAMONDS

A wealthy Chinaman, the story-book tells, was very fond of his riches and paraded them before men, by wearing a costly dress inlaid with precious stones, such as could not be found anywhere else in the empire.

One day an old Bonze (priest), dressed in little better than rags, chanced to meet the modern Dives on the street. He stopped before him, measured him from head to foot with eyes sparkling with delight and admiration, and having looked the rich man over to his satisfaction, he bowed smilingly and said as he hobbled on his way:

"Thank you, sir, for your diamonds!"

"Why, friend," said the rich man surprised, "I never gave you any diamonds."

"True enough!" replied the Bonze. "But, you gave me a chance to see them, to admire them, to feast my eyes on them. And more than that you cannot do with them yourself. There is, indeed, only this difference between you and me, that you must carry them, while I am free from this burden!"

THROUGH THICK AND THIN WITH THE BOYS

FATHER BERNARD KAVANAGH, C. SS. R., CHAPLAIN.

Monday, October 25, 1915.

Dearest,

We sailed from Devonport on Wednesday, 13th, in a troop ship escorted part of the way by two destroyers, under secret orders, by an unusual course prescribed by the admiralty, of which I must not say more. Neither must I say anything of the number or composition of the troops on board.

There were 13 Chaplains of whom 5 were Catholic priests, one Fr. Conway from Old Swan. On Saturday night I slept on deck and got up at 1 A. M. to view Gibraltar; it was a grand sight, the huge rock towering above us in the dark studded all over with lights as we lay to, about 3 miles away. They had not been advised of our coming, and we were held up for a couple of hours, while an officer came on board to interview our O. C. and examine his papers. At either side of the Rock was an enormous searchlight, scouring the waters for 10 miles around, revolving slowly, solemnly—they thrilled us as they turned successively on the group of officers beside me, all deadly pale in the limelight.

On Sunday morning we had Mass at 7:15 and in the afternoon I preached in the forecastle to the Catholics squatted there, and a large crowd of soldiers standing on every side beyond them. And they sang "Hail, Queen of Heaven," and we said some prayers together.

Monday we had to pass a dangerous spot where the enemy are supposed to have a base, and our old tub, the R. M. S. Scotian, Allen Line, steamed at top speed in the night, according to instructions. That gave us creeps! On Wednesday morning 5 o'clock we anchored in the harbour of Valetta and the officers had leave to go ashore. I spent the most enjoyable day, doing the old town in gorgeous summer weather. There is something curiously oriental in the appearance of Malta, scenery, buildings and people. The beautiful and lofty houses, with gracefully carved balconies overhanging the narrow streets, the public gardens filled with flowering shrubs, all delightful. There are 120,000 inhabitants and of these 100,000 hear Mass every morning, the new Archbishop says. I think our Protestant Chaplains were much impressed. I returned in a small boat towards 11 P. M. and slept safe and sound in my berth which I share with Father Conway and a

Protestant C. F. The next day again on shore, and this time 4 of us, two priests and two parsons, hired a car and drove 11 miles to see St. Paul's Bay. It is unquestionably the very spot described in the Acts, where he was ship-wrecked, and the fountain, now a trough, where he must have drunk. One of the parsons was so enthusiastic that he carried away a parcel of the sand, though I warned them both solemnly that this was a breach of their Article which forbids the veneration of relics. Then two of us walked to Citta Vecchia, the old Phoenician capital and back by train. In the evening I called at the Palazzo, a gorgeous building, and saw the Abp. who seemed very pleased and asked me to come and lunch with him next day if possible. Early the following morning we sailed, Friday, 22nd.

The instructions awaiting our Skipper at Malta were to proceed to Lemnos in the N. Aegean, and I am actually writing this in the harbour of Mudros where we have today discharged most of our men. At Malta they talked dismally of the dangers of our course which is believed to be invested with submarines. Three vessels had just been torpedoed though luckily the loss of life was not serious. I must not tell you the route we came by through these classic waters. Perhaps some day I shall be able to trace it up for you on the map. On Friday night, I think everyone went to bed very creepy, each with his life-belt beside him. The ship, of course, is armed and sentries with loaded rifles are posted night and day, while the O. C. sleeps with a pair of loaded revolvers to control any dangerous panic. Unfortunately we had a large quantity of ammunition on board which added immensely to our danger, and we know the danger increased at every mile. On Saturday afternoon we picked up a warning message and learned afterwards that a cargo boat had just been sunk in our neighborhood, the second such we had passed. Also the Olympic, carrying a large number of troops, had been warned opportunely and having all her guns ready had fired and driven off a submarine. Then two French Destroyers bore down swiftly upon us and escorted us for some hours. The officers had prepared a concert for Saturday evening in the saloon, but about 6 o'clock the Skipper sent down word he could not allow it, as we had to "avoid unnecessary noise while passing through a danger zone." Of course we always sailed with all lights out or carefully hidden.

On Sunday we were all up at 4:30 and at 5 all were ranged on deck in their allotted place, officers and men each standing silently with his

life-belt around him. We knew the sea round Lemnos was infested, and at day-break they could spy us. I own I felt very uncomfortable, and so indeed did everybody. Then, to our great relief, a British Destroyer rushed out to meet us, and I went off to say Mass. At 9 o'clock Lemnos was in sight, and at 11:30 we dropped anchor here. The harbour is some 3 miles wide, and very deep, surrounded with barren grey hills, very picturesque, and these are dotted all round the harbour with white lines of camps—English, French and Australian. I have not yet been ashore, and I hope to get away in a couple of days on some ship to Alexandria. This letter, if it passes the censor, will go with the mail on some casual ship.

By-by, dearest, pray for your affectionate

BERNARD.

Continental Hotel, Cairo, Nov. 15, 1915.

My dearest,

My last letter to you was written at Lemnos and confided to the purser of the "Scotian" which was returning to Marseilles; I hope it reached you. If so, you know about our adventurous voyage. Large number of vessels are being torpedoed in these waters of which the English Press can say nothing. I lay aboard in Mudros harbour for just a week—Oct. 24-31, whilst our troops were being distributed, some to Gallipoli, some to Salonica. On Thursday afternoon, 28th, we saw a consignment of 218 leave in the old Dover boat "Hythe" for Cp. Hellas, and for a long while we hung over the taffrail cheering and chaffing them. That evening at 8 o'clock she was run down in the dark by a British ship, and in 10 minutes went down carrying 120 of our comrades. Next day it cast a gloom over us when the survivors came back and told the tale quietly; there had been no trace of panic, but as they drifted about in the water, they heard the shrieks of men drowning.

Sunday, Oct. 31st, we got short notice to leave the old "Scotian" and the few remaining officers were sent to the "Rest Camp" at E. Mudros. It was misery. The Mess consisted of a wooden hut with a workhouse table and a couple of candles spluttering in beer bottles. A number of officers back from Gallipoli, jaded and embittered, wretched victuals and no drink but stale tea or water soured with some chloride to prevent cholera or dysentery, which are rife. It is commanded by the ex-vice-roy, Lord Dudley. Just after dinner a thunder storm came on and we scudded, in the dark and downpour, to our tents, which were

swaying and straining at their guy ropes. Mine was shared with a Colonel who had come out from England with me. We had no accommodation but a short blanket each; no pillow, only a short thin mattress, laid on the soil, which was swarming with lice.

The following day a cargo boat sailed for Alexandria and though it was getting greatly overcrowded, we two were lucky enough to get off at almost the last moment. There was accommodation for 8 saloon passengers, and into this 22 officers were wedged. In the steerage were a number of soldiers who had been court-martialed for some act of indiscipline and were going to long terms of imprisonment in Egypt. Yet the voyage proved a *most* interesting one, for we crawled and skulked in and out amid the Isles of Greece, playing "hide and seek" with the enemy. I saw from a distance a good deal of St. Paul's Journey and many famous spots in Gr. Mythology. But I must not be too precise.

Saturday, Nov. 6th, we reached Alexandria, and that same afternoon I came on here where Fr. Nash (Lt. Colonel) is staying, an old hand who controlled all R. C. Chaplains in Egypt. Unlike the "Rest Camp" this is a very fine hotel, packed now with officers of every rank, and fashionable women, and here I am to stay for about another fortnight. I am already working in some of the hospitals, but they are well attended to by the Franciscan Fathers. Then I go to Helonan (?) to serve a number of institutions, as there are no priests there but foreigners.

Last Tuesday, the 9th, I engaged a Dragoman, and along with a Prot. C. F. set off to do the Pyramids. First by train to the Arab village of Bedracheim, where we mounted donkeys and rode off to inspect Memphis, the most ancient and royal city, of which, save a few Colossi now fallen, no trace remains. We were shown some of the debris of an ancient palace as "the house where Joseph received his brethren". Thence to the house of Fi and the Serapeum, both at Sakkara, and lunched in the former house of Mariette, the great French Egyptologist, now an inn. Then we rode off to Gizeh, 18 miles in all, with picturesque and shrieking Arabs behind the whole time, watching their animals and occasionally whacking them savagely with a stick, when the brutes would dart off some 60 yards or so before resuming their leisured gait across the sands. At 5 o'clock we reached the great pyramids, and found ourselves amid a crowd of howling beggars competing for us. Soon I was sorted out of the melee by a couple of brawny

Bedouins, one of whom seized either hand, and we proceeded to dance up the Pyramid Cheops (shops the Arabs pronounce it.) The various planes have been enormously reduced by their 5,000 years or so, and the jagged and irregular courses are exposed. Some of these are 3 ft. high; the Bedouins spring from course to course, and haul or rather hitch the tourist. I am sure *you* would have enjoyed it. It was most extraordinary how it exhausted one, but we were well rewarded at the top—to sit and survey the Nile, the ruins around of almost primeval cities, and the famous sunset across the Libyan Desert.

Goodbye, dearest, from your

BERNARD.

THE BUTCHER'S BOY OF TASSWITZ

The years St. Clement Hofbauer spent in Poland were years of almost sensational work and organization. They ended in a real martyrdom. With one stroke all he had accomplished was ruined, and now, 57 years of age, he came, a beggar, an object of police supervision, to his own city—to start over again.

"The seed must be hidden in the ground": in a little room just behind the high altar of the Italian church in Vienna, then, the third period of the Saint's accomplishment began. There he found shelter for himself, a young student, and a laybrother. There he was condemned to inactivity, overshadowed by the police, and in danger of expulsion at any moment for too Catholic behavior. There he spent his time in prayer, hearing confessions, saying his Mass—until Providence, by one of its apparent accidents, opened up the way to wider work for him.

The painter works in colors; the sculptor in marble; the goldsmith in gold. The priest works in human hearts and makes them into other Christs. St. Clement pre-eminently worked in men. He never did anything wonderful himself. But he was like the man at the forge, welding the strong parts of which the machine is to be built, that is to do mighty things. We can hardly, therefore, give a better idea of St. Clement's work than by taking a few examples of the classes of men whom he influenced, to whom he was an inspiration, whom he made.

THE FATHER OF THE POOR.

Like our Lord, St. Clement would say: "I have pity on the multitudes". He was poor himself and yet he had help for every need; nor

did he wait till they came to him. The rich had to seek Clement; the poor Clement sought himself.

He for a time supported the Ursuline Nuns and the Mechirarist Fathers; poor students, aspirants to the religious life, artists, workmen, orphans, widows. His disciples, many of whom belonged to the nobility, he often sent to certain poor people in order that by personal experience they might come to know the misery of the poor and might learn the happiness of giving for Christ's sake.

Poor University students who came to him, he always kept for dinner or supper. In order that they might not feel their poverty, and in order that no one might surmise it, he made even the richer ones sit down and partake of his simple repast. He carried bread, food and money to the homes of those who were too proud to beg and reveal their poverty.

Clement Brentano, the well-known poet, came to Vienna to secure a position at the Royal Theater. But his drama failed. In the midst of his despair, St. Clement came to him, spoke to him of the abuse he was making of the great God-given power of poetry he possessed, of his useless life, and reminded him of his responsibility before God. Then he handed him 100 ducats.

A poor artist came to him another day in similar distress. The Saint set him to work on pictures of St. Alphonsus, who had just that year been beatified, and paid him liberally for the work. Thus he gave him work and means, and at the same time made him apply his talent to sacred objects.

The means for his continual charities Clement obtained from wealthy friends who knew the good use he would make of their gifts, or he begged for them, as we saw on a previous occasion.

At other times, God visibly came to the aid of his charity.

The Countess Sophie Zichy came to see him one evening and found the Saint, as usual, surrounded by a group of university students, taking supper. The Countess had to wait. She tells the following:

St. Clement, as chaplain of the Ursuline convent, received supper for two; besides a good friend of his sent him a bowl of soup with a little meat. The Saint took this and began to give each of those present a goodly portion. Just then another student entered.

"Have you had supper?" asked St. Clement.

"No," answered the student.

"Martin," said St. Clement to his companion, Father Martin Stark,

"give me a plate." And he filled the plate for the student. Then another student came in.

"You surely have not yet had supper," said Clement pleasantly. "Martin, give me another plate." And that too was filled. In fact everyone that came received enough, although it was evident the dish the Saint had before him could not contain all that he took out of it. The food was multiplied under his hands.

Others remarked the same astonishing fact—though the Saint himself never made the least reference to it.

FRIEND TO THE WRETCHED.

One evening when out on a walk with some of his university students, a young woman hurried by, making for the river. The Saint left the group that surrounded him and hastened forward caught up with the woman.

"What are you intending to do?" he asked her, as his soul-piercing eye rested on her.

"I intend to drown myself," she answered hesitatingly; "there is no use in living for me any more. I sold my villa for 80,000 florins but in the panic (this was in 1811) I lost every cent."

The Saint stooped down and taking a handful of dust from the street, he said:

"Look—this is what you have lost—a handful of dust. And for this you wish to throw away your temporal and your eternal life?"

The words pierced her, and when he bade her come with him, she willingly followed him. Having consoled her, he found a place for her in the convent of the Ursulines, where she thereafter led so devout a life that St. Clement always spoke of her as his "holy penitent." When later on this young lady's sister invited her to live with her in comfort and wealth, she refused to go. "I would rather remain here," she replied, "in my penitential cell."

The Saint could often be met on the street carrying concealed under his flowing mantle bundles of bread and food.

CONSOLER TO THE SICK.

St. Clement assisted more than 2,000 persons in their dying moments. A nobleman speaking of the Saint, said: "He was known in all Vienna as spiritual physician and consoler of the sick, so that whenever there was a case of someone refusing to receive the sacraments, the Saint was always called in." On these occasions he said the rosary on his way—saying: "Holy Mary, pray for him, this poor sinner, now

and in the hour of his death." His very appearance often changed the most obstinate into lambs. Only once did he fail.

Once he was called to a young student of the fashionable set, who had lost his faith completely at the university. The Saint came—and without further ado went to work.

"Come," he said, "say the Apostles' Creed with me!"

The young man hesitated for a while—then followed—then hesitated again.

"Forward! Forward!" said the Saint, at each hesitation sprinkling the young man with holy water. When they had finished, the dying man, who had before refused all priestly assistance, said:

"I wish to go to Confession now." He did so—received the last rites of the Church and died penitently and devoutly.

"If only," the Saint was accustomed to say, "if only I have a chance to say the rosary on the way, I will win the soul." This was part of his method. Of course, it is impossible for us to give any idea of his kindness, gentleness, earnestness and confidence in dealing with the sick. "I love the sick," he once said; that perhaps explains best.

(To Be Continued.)

AUG. T. ZELLER, C. SS. R.

VOCATION

"Take up thy cross and follow me!"

"Whither, O Lord, and why?"

"Along the road to Calvary,
For Love to suffer and die!"

"Heavy Thy cross, rugged Thy way,
Too hard for mortal feet."

"Nay; I will be thy hope and stay,
My burden is light and sweet."

"And what the boon for leaving all,
Pleasures and home and self?"

"A hundredfold, who heeds my call,
Heaven I give and Self."

"My Spouse, my King, earth's hundredfold
Nor heaven doth win my heart;
Earth's goods were naught—e'en heaven cold,
From love of Thee apart."

"Give me Thy love and I shall bear
Sorrow and pain and loss;
Give me Thyself, then let me share
The burden of Thy Cross."

J. R. Melvin, C. Ss. R.

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF KARL

CHAPTER XXIX. THE ELECTION.

After the announcement of his engagement and the enthusiastic reception it had received, it being now about 5 o'clock, Uncle Stanhope and our party returned to the house, where Aunt Liza had a generous lunch provided, of which all partook, picnic style, each helping himself from a table groaning with good things placed on the front porch. Uncle Stanhope and Miss Queen bore the chaffing they got quite good naturedly, and so about half past five with much laughing and jocular remarks and many good wishes the horseback party started out on their return trip to Pulaski, Karl, Miss Queen and Grace taking the lead as before, but this time, by a peculiar good fortune, Grace was at Karl's right instead of at his left, the reason you will soon know. As time was no particular consideration now ("we have all night," said Karl), they jogged along, now cantering quite briskly, now trotting or pacing as the mood came, now slowing down to a walk. They stopped again at Montgomery's road-house for a short rest and a drink of the delicious, cool spring water; then away again to Pulaski. In the meantime the sun was slowly declining into the west and was already sinking below the tree-line, casting long shadows along the road. At last, he disappeared from view, and the wonderful transfiguration from day to night began. In the southeast the Scorpion wound his trail of flashing suns. From the sun, now dropped below the horizon, great streamers of golden light spread out in every direction like a gigantic Japanese fan, culminating at the zenith in a fringe of rosy cloud; and here and there across the western sky, great splashes of crimson, as if done by some Cyclopean artist in a mad revel of poetic fancy. At a sudden turn in the road on a slight eminence, before plunging into a long level stretch of road in the valley below, Karl reined in and suddenly exclaimed:

"How beautiful! How wonderful!"

As the party drew together many were the exclamations of wonder and pleasure. They remained gazing at the beautiful sight a couple of moments, when Karl exclaimed:

"Only three miles more!" and he and his two companions started down the gentle decline leading into the valley. Suddenly a long, yellow chicken-snake darted from the brush right across the road. Flora, the little mare, on which Grace was mounted, gave a snort, then sud-

denly reared, almost unseating Grace, then dashed down the road like the wind, and Karl in swift pursuit about twenty yards behind.

"She's running away!" shrieked Miss Queen, and the entire cavalcade started in a run after them. As I said, Karl's horse had racing blood in him, a beautiful clean-limbed animal, and he began to gain at once on Flora. When within about ten feet, Karl shouted to Grace:

"Keep cool! Keep her in the road! I'll have her in a minute!"

A minute more and Karl was alongside. Then drawing to the front he reached down with his right hand and seizing Flora's reins, close to the bit, slowly but surely, within about a hundred yards, brought her to a standstill.

Grace sat perfectly cool—pallid as Minerva; drawing a long breath she coolly remarked:

"Beautifully done, Karl, we had quite a race!"

"Thank heaven," said Karl, "no ill came of it!" Simple words, but the eyes spoke volumes.

Just then the party came dashing up, with Miss Queen at the head, and there were exclamations and explanations without number, and you may be sure that Karl came in for his share of praise.

"'Twas splendid!" exclaimed Miss Queen. "I could hardly hold Black Bess, but I saw you were master of the situation, and that I would have hampered you!"

In the meantime Willie and Jimmie Bilkins, from being last, had taken the lead.

"Let them go," said Karl, "it's better so, for Flora, after the excitement, is quite restive, and we will exchange places with them."

So Billie Buttons came in for the final honors of leading the caravan home, and Karl with his two companions brought up the rear, where Flora, with the other horses in front of her, soon settled down, and in about a half hour the party turned in to the Maloney driveway and into the stable yard; for it was a part of the program that Aunt Chloe was to have a hot supper ready for them on their return. It was a gay and happy party that assembled around the Maloney dining table, which had been stretched to capacity, and long they lingered, doing full justice to Aunt Cloe's fine cookery, and entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Maloney and Marguerite with narratives of the day's doings. Grace's runaway and the rescue by Karl were not slighted, and while Mrs. Maloney looked at Grace with a troubled countenance, she remarked sotto voce to her husband:

"There seems to be a special Providence watching over our children, but for all that their adventures keep your heart in your mouth."

"We're all in the hands of God," replied Mr. Maloney.

Grace was game to the last, and though she had gotten more of a nervous shock than she let appear, she was as gay as the gayest and smilingly wished them all good night. When at last all had departed she retired to her room, and flinging herself on her knees before Our Lady's picture she poured out her soul in fervent thanksgiving for her preservation from a serious accident, which could so easily have occurred; and she remained at home very quiet for some days after.

The following day in Pulaski was a day of noise and excitement; brass bands could be heard parading the streets, and the frequent sounds of hurrying feet, and the shooting of bombs. The "Wets" were having a grand rally getting their forces together for the final tug of war. Thousands of negroes were coming and going. Free whisky and free lunches, parades; flamboyant oratory from brazen-throated demagogues filled the air. For months, party feeling had been running very high, and among the negroes certain hot-heads had made threats that "they would burn the city over the heads of the whites, if booze were taken away". And it must be confessed that the white leaders did little or nothing to check such lawlessness. On more than one occasion thousands of negroes had assembled from all parts of the country, and inflamed by John Barleycorn had ridden up and shot up the town, galloping pell mell up and down the streets to the great terror of timid wayfarers, riding into open gateways and trampling down choice flowers, and even in their frenzy urging their horses into the very stores, firing off pistols on the streets and sometimes sending bullets crashing through upper windows, frightening almost to death the women and children. So great was this menace considered, that a company of one hundred volunteers had been formed; one hundred of the very latest breech-loading rifles purchased from Springfield; and under Captain Meggs, an ex-Confederate officer, nightly drills in the Odd Fellows' Hall had been maintained for months.

The young men, among them Karl and Patrick, had become quite proficient in the manual of arms, and everyone of them knew his right foot from his left.

The "Drys" too were turning over heaven and earth to win at least some of the negro vote; the preachers were thundering from their pulpits; the Sunday School scholars with their teachers were having

frequent parades; many ladies' clubs were debating and resolving; and John Gogarty with a corps of picked assistants was flying from one end of the county to the other, now at one meeting, now at another, with any amount of statistics at their fingers' ends; while Mike, in John Gogarty's saloon, was turning over an honest penny, dealing out drinks to his thirsty customers, who seemed to be more thirsty than ever preparing against the sirocco days of the near future. On that very evening after the return from the barbecue, Miss Queen had no sooner disposed of Black Bess to her satisfaction than after a hurried mouthful at Maloney's she excused herself, and doffing her riding skirt donned a street dress and appeared on the platform of "The Rink," where there was a mass-meeting of 5,000 people, and in a spirited speech, whose "thoughts did glow and words did burn," frequently interrupted by applause, calm, dignified, precise, every word like a winged arrow, she excoriated all booze and boozers.

Surely had Uncle Stanhope been present, he would have been proud of his fiancée as she scored a veritable triumph amid the ringing plaudits of the enthusiastic multitudes.

The young men had also formed a scouting company of fifty cavalrymen, whose duty it would be, in case of trouble, to guard the city exits, all the country roads, and report, at a moment's notice, the approach of any party of men, black or white, of belligerent appearance. These young men, mounted on the finest and swiftest horses, completely armed with the very latest high-powered revolvers, had been paired off, and each two knew exactly which streets, districts and exits they were to guard. All this drilling had been accomplished in dead secrecy; still the knowledge of it had gradually filtered out through the homes of the city, giving a sense of security which otherwise had been lacking. An empty store had been secured for election day, not far from the polls, where the rifles laid across the counter, each in its own place, could be quickly secured, and the members of the company were instructed to loaf around in the near neighborhood and at the bugle's call to rush for the store and get his gun. The scouts were to amble around all day from place to place, all eyes and ears. Of course it was not the intention to intimidate any voter. Uncle Sam had given the ballot to his black children and the whites respected it. It was only a state of preparedness, in case of trouble, to be able to defend their firesides.

At last the 11th of July dawned—the election day—and it was as hot a day as was ever spawned by Hades. The night before was a

black, sultry, dead, humid night, with the stars looking down red upon a withered world. The dust lay deep on the roads, and many touched not a bed, for the heat, but sat or lolled upon the verandas and fanned and perspired. The sun rose a red ball and climbed a sky of brass, and the wind slept.

The polls were to be opened at each precinct at 7 o'clock and there were to be six election judges, three "Wets" and three "Drys" at each polling place throughout the county.

Uncle Stanhope rose early, and after his breakfast at 6 o'clock, with Tilden and Hendricks, in the light buggy, had gone to his polling place two miles west, and was among the first to vote; then on to Pulaski, it must be confessed, to be on hand for the final returns and to see the fun. He drove in to the Maloney yard about 9:30, his horses sheeted with foam and himself red in the face and mopping his brow.

The principal polling place in Pulaski was at one of the east windows of the court-house, and a lane about three feet wide and twenty feet long had been constructed of rough pine boards, leading to the window, then turned at right angles and discharging the voter some ten feet away. About one hundred of Pulaski's most prominent citizens had been sworn in as deputy-sheriffs to maintain order. These were to be seen on every side, and a bunch of them were posted at the entrance and exit of this lane of which I spoke. After turning his horses over to June, Uncle Stanhope had sauntered down to the court-house and was standing on a corner puffing a cigar, an amused and interested spectator. Crowds were coming and going, some on foot, some on horseback, some in buggies and wagons, and still some in autos. There were not so many autos in Pulaski and the near neighborhood that an auto was not still an object of interest; so, when a large touring car, somewhat the worse for wear, dashed by and came to a standstill about half a block away, Stanhope's gaze followed it with some curiosity. Just then a familiar voice at his elbow said:

"The Marston Brothers, they're going to vote wet."

Stanhope's lip curled as he turned, and there smiling and mopping his face stood Mr. Maloney, and by his side Willie.

"Came down to get in my vote before it gets too hot," said Mr. Maloney.

In the meantime the four men, rather tall and athletic looking fellows, had alighted from the machine and were standing together talking and looking toward the polling place.

"I'll see you later, Stanhope," said Mr. Maloney, taking Willie by the hand and starting across the court-house square. Half way across he was accosted by a tall man in grey:

"Well met, Mr. Maloney. Just the man I want to see. And you have Master Willie with you." They shook hands.

"Ah! Captain Meggs, at your service," replied Mr. Maloney.

"I want this young man with his wonderful horse as my aide-de-camp for the rest of the day," said the Captain. "May I have him?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Maloney, smiling, "with all my heart."

"Don't worry," continued Captain Meggs, "he'll not be exposed to any danger. Not to leave the city limits. But I want a fast and trusty messenger and I think he'll just fill the bill."

"Captain, will it do after Pa votes?" said Willie.

"Yes. Report under that China tree. And you'd better bring a lunch in your pocket, because I'll need you for several hours," said the Captain.

The four men brushed by at this instant and came to the entrance of the little lane, just ahead of Willie and his father, and they were laughing heartily as they filed on at some remark one of them had made.

Quite a crowd had collected by this time, black and white, and the deputies had their hands full preventing a jam at the entrance. The first of the four men had reached the window and was presenting his ballot to the judges when Willie suddenly started, then straightened up and convulsively grasped his father's arm.

"Look," he whispered; "there's Bill, the fellow that kidnapped me, that very hand with the finger crushed, and the finger-nail split, and the gold ring."

"Are you sure?" exclaimed Mr. Maloney, quite excited.

"Yes," whispered Willie, "I'm certain, would know it in a million."

"Just stay here and hold my place," said his father, and ducking his head he slipped under the rail and went over to the exit where he found Tim Collins, a big Irishman and a particular friend.

"Tim," said he, "do you see those four fellows at the window now?"

"I do," replied Tim.

"Well, those are the fellows that kidnapped Willie. Arrest them."

"I'm your man," said Tim.

Tim gave the tip to his three fellow deputies and they were all on

the *qui vive* when the four men, having deposited their vote, came nonchalantly towards the exit. The four deputies confronted them, drawing their revolvers, and Tim exclaimed:

"Hands up! You're under arrest!"

Bill muttered an oath.

"Arrest! What for?"

The men looked into the muzzles of four ugly looking revolvers. They held up their hands at once."

"You're under arrest for disturbing the peace, conspiracy, and blackmail. George, search them."

They found the fellows heavily armed, each with a loaded revolver and a murderous looking dirk.

Mr. Maloney in the meantime had cast his vote and sworn out a warrant against the men, and he and Willie followed close behind them. As they emerged from the exit Willie came up and stood in front of them. A large crowd had surrounded them by this time and stood gazing on them with contempt and indignation in their eyes. Then said Willie:

"Hello, Bill, it's some time since I saw you, but I'd know that left foot of yours in a million. Ha! Ha! It's your turn now to cool off in the jug."

Bill gave the boy a ferocious look and cursed under his breath. They were immediately led over to the jail and locked up, each in a separate cell.

Uncle Stanhope, after Mr. Maloney had left him, remained standing and watching the four men and thinking: "Marston brothers! I've heard of them before. Came here three years ago. Live just outside the city and run a commission business down at the river. Nobody knows much about them. They're a fine bunch of men, tall and well built." Suddenly Uncle Stanhope straightened up, his face grew tense, and he began to suck his cigar with much energy, emitting clouds of white smoke. The four men were now moving across the square towards the polling place. But Uncle Stanhope's eyes were riveted on the car they had just left. You have sometimes seen a playful cat gamboling in the grass, and a bird alight near by. In an instant the cat is tense and alert, its hair bristling, its tail switching nervously, crouching and eyes fixed. That was Uncle Stanhope, his eyes fixed upon the car as he muttered to himself: "3579! Where have I seen that number before? Grey! Aha, I have it;" and his hand dug into

his inside pocket bringing forth a little note-book. "Yes, here it is. Car, grey. No. 3579! That's the car and those are the men that kidnapped Willie," and his mind went back to that all day ride in Alabama, March 1st. Then calling one of the deputies, together they walked up to the car.

"Those Marston brothers are the fellows that kidnapped Willie Maloney, March 1st. This is the car they used, No. 3579," said Stanhope.

"Impossible," replied the deputy. "The Marston brothers are respectable men."

"Let us wait here for their return," said Stanhope.

Willie in the interval had hurried home, and in a short while he came galloping down the street on Billy Buttons and reported under the designated China tree to Captain Meggs.

Stanhope soon found out about the arrest and incarceration of the four Marston brothers, because the news flew from lip to lip like wild-fire, that the kidnappers had been caught; and great satisfaction had been expressed, and some threats.

About 11:30 a courier came dashing down the street to report to Captain Meggs that a large company of blacks were approaching the city on the Rothenay Road, and the report caused no little excitement. Sure enough, in a little while here they came, in a cloud of dust, about 1,500 strong, on every imaginable kind of a mount: donkeys, mules, raw-bone horses, some with saddles, some bareback, many with halters only. Down the main street they came like Sennacharib's host, past the polls, and debouched on to the commons northeast of the city, where they made a great turn and came back. Dismounting, they tied to every hitching place they could find, then in great hordes they crowded around the polls.

The voting now became quite lively, and the deputies were re-enforced twice, at the entrance, to prevent the jam which momentarily became greater as the darkies came rushing in.

At last a young mulatto buck, somewhat inflamed with whisky, began to act ugly, cursing and plunging around to the great discomfort of everyone in his locality. Finally he jumped on the pet corn of a white man, who promptly knocked him down. The mulatto jumped to his feet flourishing a revolver, which in his excitement he discharged into the air. Then the real trouble began. Revolvers flashed in every direction and there was a perfect fusillade. The negroes wavered and

broke, running in every direction. Down every street they ran by tens, by twenties, by hundreds; and in five minutes there was not a sign of the valiant host that came riding so proudly into Pulaski on hour before. The scouts rode in every direction after them, pleading:

"Come back and vote. We don't want you to run away. Come back and get your horses."

"No, sir," replied an old ducky, "when I retreats I don't want to be bothered wid me hoss; I'se goin' home through de woods and up de bottoms."

W. T. BOND, C. Ss. R.

(To be continued)

THE AGE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

We children of this age have special reason to consider our duties toward the Holy Spirit this Pentecost Day.

It is the age of strong inner and individual sanctification. The age of frequent confession and communion, when grace and the gifts of the Holy Spirit are poured out in inexhaustible streams over the Kingdom of God on earth—when the Holy Spirit, the great heart of the Mystic Body of Christ, the Church, is making the Blood of Grace course more richly and thrillingly than ever before through all the members.

It is the age of the greatest conflict against the Holy Spirit. Never before, perhaps, has the spirit of the world risen in such power and vehemence against the Spirit of God. It is not now a denial of one or the other truth of Faith, not now a throwing off of one or the other law of God, but a complete rejection of all reverence for divine things, of everything supernatural; a striving for the things of earth amid hatred and envy of one for another, of nation for nation. Ecce Homo (Christ)! was said hitherto; Ecce Ego! cries the modern world. It is the crystallised sin against the Holy Ghost.

It is the age of the evil spirit. A religion is just now coming into vogue, that usurps the name of the Holy Spirit and robs him of his honor. It is Spiritism, the so ridiculous yet so sad counterfeit of a religious system, that battens on man's love of the secret, the mysterious, the curious; that brings no definite creed or laws or obligations; that removes all cause for earnestness and every incentive for morality by battering down the pillars of eternal truth which Christ set up, and which He sent the Holy Spirit to maintain.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Catholic Anecdotes</h2>	
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BARRELLED SUNLIGHT

There is a well-known story of the Seven Wise Men who built a house, but forgot to make allowance for windows. They later on tried to remedy the mistake by carrying barrels of sunlight into the dark building. It was a ridiculous failure.

But experience teaches there is a means of bringing sunlight into our homes. Thus, according to the Queen's Work, a recent convert tells the story of his conversion.

"One thing that struck me particularly in regard to Holy Communion, was that whenever my wife went frequently, it was much more pleasant about the house. So I got to thinking that it would be a wise thing for me to encourage her to go as often as possible.

"Then came the thought that, what was good for her and had such a very practical effect on her character, might be the very thing for me as well. I was conscious of various defects in my own make-up, against which I had been struggling more or less unsuccessfully for years. Perhaps frequent Communion might give me a grip on myself and a lever to pry out my own vices.

"So I began to investigate the Catholic religion, and found to my joy that I could say: 'I believe'. And now my wife is as anxious for me to go often to the Sacraments as I am to see her faithful at frequent Communion. We both agree that it has a beautiful effect on our home life together, if we each receive often the body of the Lord."

HIS ONE CONVERT

Mr. Durham, formerly a clergyman of the Anglican Church, occupied the Catholic Evidence Guild's platform in Hyde Park, London, a short time ago. The London Universe quotes a passage from his address.

"I have been a Catholic layman for fourteen years," he told his large audience. "For thirty years I had been trying to convert Papists through the length and breadth of Ireland. I converted only one—and that man was myself. My effort to drive men from the Catholic Church brought me into her fold through the wonderful grace of God."

SECRET OF SANCTITY

A holy hermit who had practised prayer and penance for many years, was one day troubled with a temptation of pride; he began to imagine that he was the holiest person in the world. In His mercy God showed the poor monk that he was mistaken, and inspired him to visit a poor working maid in an hotel in the city.

This astonished the good hermit.

"How can it be possible," he said to himself, "that a simple maid in a hotel can be superior to me in virtue, since I have done nothing else for many years but fast and pray continually?"

So he went to the city and easily found the person of whom he was in search. When he had told her what God had revealed to him in the vision, he asked her to let him know what great practices of piety she performed, that made God love her so much and made her more perfect in God's eyes than he was.

"My Father," she replied, "I do not know what God can see in me that should please Him so much; I am only a poor, simple, waiting-maid! All that I can say to you is that I endeavor to perform all my actions with the greatest care, in order that I may please God and do His blessed Will. When I am carrying wood for the kitchen fire, I think of the love of Jesus in carrying His cross for me, and tell Him that I love Him because He is so good; in the same way, in all my other works, I always try to think of Him in some way or another. I am at peace with God and in a peaceful heart God always abides."

The hermit returned home thanking God for giving the simplest and lowliest of His children the power to love Him.

WITHOUT FEAR AND WITHOUT REPROACH

A correspondent to the Ave Maria, some time ago, contributed the following incident:

"A Catholic Cadet of my acquaintance at West Point never ate meat during Lent. This was observed and frequently spoken of by the non-Catholics among us. But I never heard anyone refer to it—except in terms of sincere admiration. Because he had the courage to practise as well as to profess his religion, he received the unstinted praise of every member of the corps."

	Pointed Paragraphs		
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BLESSED ART THOU AMONG WOMEN

"This is the month of Our Lady—The blessed and beautiful May." Hear the call of the May! Come, every lover of Jesus, to honor our Queen. The voice of prophecy, which the living Spirit of God had inspired, impels us still: "Blessed art thou among women."

"Blessed among women"—that is, happy above all women, because none was ever so honored by God, none ever so favored, none ever so showered with graces, as she whom an angel in wonderment declared to be "full of grace", she "with whom the Lord dwelt".

"Blessed among women"—that is, thy name, O Mary, is a blessing and a benediction for womankind. For through Mary it was that womankind was raised from a degraded, a slave-condition to a place of honor, love, devotion, influence such as she now holds.

"Blessed among women"—that is, in women, who imitating Mary's virtues, her modesty, her charity, her sweetness, her devotion, bring new honor and blessing upon her, the ideal of womanhood.

"Blessed among women"—that is, by women. The name of Mary should ever be on the lips and in the heart of every true woman: in the heart, as ideal and exemplar; on the lips, to praise her and to call upon her aid. But most of all should woman bless Mary by her conduct and example. Everything about a true woman should bless her: dress, conversation, bearing, intercourse with others—her whole life should be a song of praise to the maidenliest maiden, the motherliest of mothers, the womanliest woman—the Mother of Our Saviour.

GOD'S SCHOOL ROOM

Of all teachers none is so adept, none so sweet, so gentle, so searching in his ways as God. All things he utilizes to mould our hearts after His own.

Frederic Ozanam, the founder of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, shows how he realized God's lessons to him, even while he was educating his own little child. In a beautiful letter to a fellow-professor at the Paris University, he writes concerning his little daughter, words that should be an inspiration for all Catholic parents, and should reveal to them the graces attached to their sacred office.

"We have called her Marie," writes Ozanam of his daughter, "which is her mother's name as well as that of the powerful protectress to whose intercession we attribute this happy birth. We shall begin her education early, and at the same time she will begin ours; for I perceive that heaven has sent her to us to teach us a great deal, and to make us better.

"I cannot look upon that sweet little face, so full of innocence and purity, without seeing there, less obliterated than in us, the sacred impress of the creator. I cannot think of this imperishable soul, of which I shall have to render an account, without feeling myself more penetrated with my duties. How could I dare to teach her lessons that I did not myself practice?

"Could God have found a kinder way of instructing me, of correcting me, and setting my feet on the road to heaven?"

WHY STAND YE HERE AND LOOK UP TO HEAVEN?

The heaven which the spiritists present to us in their communications in the papers, magazines, and in floods of books, is hardly a thing that we would look up to with anything but surprise, or even disgust.

It is not such a heaven of which Our Lord could say with divine earnestness: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?"

It is not the heaven of which St. Paul wrote: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what things God hath prepared for them that love him"; for, "we see now through a glass, in a dark manner; but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then I shall know even as I am known."

It is not the heaven of which St. John writes: "And the city (the heavenly Jerusalem) hath no need of the sun or the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God hath enlightened it, and the Lamb is the lamp thereof". It is not the heaven of which Our Lord said again and again: "The angels in heaven always see the face of the Father".

Looking up to such a heaven, was an inspiration to the youthful Machabee, to whom his mother had said: "Look up to heaven!" Around him lay the broken and mangled bodies of his brothers who had died for their faith; before him stood the executioners with their instruments of torture; beside him glowed the brazures with fierce flames. Young he was, and life's morning laughed in his eyes; yet, fixing his

glance on heaven, he said: "For whom do you stay? I will not obey the commandment of the king, but the commandment of the law which was given by Moses. . . . For my brethren, having now undergone a short pain, are under the covenant of eternal life. . . . And, I, like my brethren, offer up my body and my life for the laws of our fathers".

Looking up to such a heaven will also be an inspiration to us:

Be strong!

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;

We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.

Shun not the struggle—face it. 'Tis God's gift.

YES,—BUT I HAD A REASON

We are curious and wonderfully constructed creatures, says a writer in the American Magazine. Each of us is born with a little self-justification plant which works unceasingly from babyhood until death. It is not visible to the naked eye, but it is the realest thing about us. It is like a motor attached to our anatomy. My how smoothly and quietly it operates! It never runs down, never clogs up, never ceases to act. . . .

No human being ever got into difficulty that this little self-justification plant could not explain. With our tongues we say that we did wrong, but to ourselves this little instrument whispers: "Yes, but you had a reason, an alibi—and here it is".

And so are born the million and one excuses that human beings offer for the weaknesses which they fully confess. Some of them are good enough excuses to make public, and some of them are so poor that we keep them to ourselves. But we have them always.

"Yes, I got angry—but, I was overworked."

"Yes, I was late for work—but, a man stopped me."

"No, I didn't go to Mass—but, I was tired."

"Yes, I went to that place—but a young person needs some recreation."

"No, I didn't say my prayers—but, I had no time."

And so forth. The telephone has its off days, the automobile engine halts, the railway train stops for repairs on a siding, the airplane stalls; but this little machine—never!

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The Holy Father is to hold another consistory in May, at which several new cardinals will be created.

During this month, Louise de Marillac is to be beatified, and Blessed Marguerite Marie Alacocque and Blessed Joan of Arc are to be canonized. Ven Oliver Plunkett is to be beatified. It is noteworthy that among those who are to receive the honors of the Church are three women,—all three from France.

* * *

Msgr. Pierre Rey, Archbishop of Tokio, Japan, who is now passing through this country, declares that the condition of the Catholic Church in Japan is discouraging. Out of a population of 50,000,000 only 100,000 are Catholics. This slow progress is due to three factors: 1) the great advance in worldly importance of the country has absorbed all the energies of the people and drawn them from spiritual things; 2) the association of patriotism or loyalty to the emperor with the old religions of the country, so as to make the acceptance of Christianity seem like treason to the dynasty; 3) pride of race, which makes the Japanese slow to admit that any philosophy of life is superior to their own. But the Bishop believes a new era is opening.

* * *

At the close of an audience the Holy Father granted to Premier Renner of Austria, Pope Benedict handed the Chancellor a check for one million lire, to be given to Cardinal Piffl, Archbishop of Vienna, for the relief of the sufferers.

* * *

The Catholic Party of Italy has refused to take office in the new Italian Cabinet. After the leaders had conferred with Signor Nitti a resolution was drawn up containing the demands of the party. They will support the cabinet from the outside.

* * *

Before a gathering of Cardinals, prelates, priests and laymen of Rome, lately, the Catholic Patriarch of Cilicia, Peter Paul Terzian, related the history of the massacres committed by the Turks against the Armenians. In the massacre of 1915 one Archbishop, 5 Bishops, numerous priests, nuns, and laybrothers, and 1,300,000 of the laity were butchered. A similar story was told at London by the Chaldean Patriarch of Babylon.

His story moved Lady Sykes to send the following condemnation of British policy in Turkey to the press: "Does anyone dare to say that the Moslem would not respect us far more and hold his hand from massacre, if we Christians of the West showed that we meant to protect our brothers of the East, instead of pandering to Moslem sentiment, engendered in our own government offices? A time has come to put an end to this scandal, and to wash our hands of the blood of which we are guilty."

The Irish Bishops are waging a strong campaign against a new educational bill planned by England to take the national schools out of church control and put them under purely secular control. According to a correspondent of the London *Universe*, England is ready to use drastic measures: "If necessary, we will deport the Bishops".

Meanwhile the Catholic schools in England are not safe either. And British Catholics dread the projected measures all the more, because, if an Irish Parliament is established, they will have to fight without the help of the Irish members, which till now saved their schools for them.

* * *

One would expect the young republic of Czecho-Slovakia to commence life by asking the blessing of heaven instead of permitting the municipality of Prague to shake its little fist in the face of Providence. By the order of the Vice-Burgomaster of Prague, a fire-eating socialist, the crucifix has been removed from the schools and removed in the most revolting fashion. The crucifixes were thrown upon the rubbish heap and carried off to an unknown destination.

* * *

The Catholic Church in Australia will celebrate its centenary in 1821. The growth and progress of the Church in Australia makes an interesting episode in the history of the faith in modern times. Starting from small beginnings, it passed through its days of persecution, and has reached a flourishing condition. It counts over a million people; has more than 200 church buildings, and 1,500 priests. Nearly 200,000 children attend the Catholic schools, which are conducted by thousands of nuns and hundreds of religious brothers. The hierarchy includes 16 Bishops and 8 Archbishops, with an Apostolic Delegate.

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The "League for Social Rights for Women" of France, comprising 25 organizations with a membership of more than 100,000, has adopted the following resolution and embodied it in a circular letter:

"Considering that a conspiracy of immorality exists against civilization and national morals, these societies have decided to unite their efforts in demanding that their members refuse to patronize any store or shop dealing with indecent clothing or trying to launch styles dangerous to health or morals, or any magazine or publication which advertises such styles, or any theater, cinema, restaurant, dance-hall, or other public place which permits women wearing the new, extreme, indecent styles, which corrupt morals, to enter."

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A correspondent of the Catholic Tribune says: "It is extraordinary how most of the correspondents in Germany entirely overlook the enormously important part the Center is now playing in the moulding of the future of Germany. If Germany is to be saved from collapse, it is not the extreme Socialists of the Left, nor the extreme Monarchists of the right, who will do it. The only party at all capable of doing this is the Catholic Center Party."

A federation of Catholic Societies was inaugurated recently in South Africa. On this occasion the Blessed Sacrament was carried in public procession. Fully 3,000 people, representing every race in South Africa, took part in it.

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The publication of the official Catholic Directory for 1920 (by P. J. Kennedy and Sons, New York), reveals many interesting facts regarding the growth of the Church in our land.—The U. S. with its possessions contains 27,650,204 Catholics; 17,735,553 of whom are in the U. S. proper. This means an increase of 186,229 over last year. Meanwhile the Protestant census shows the greatest decrease in membership in 30 years.

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Close on the heels of the announcement of the splendid organization just given to Catholic Charities in New York, comes the news of similar activities in Cleveland. In 1919 the Catholic Charities Corporation was formed to place the charitable activities on a business basis. In Chicago, a campaign has just been carried on for the Associated Catholic Charities to net \$1,000,000.

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In June Chicago Archdiocese celebrates its diamond Jubilee. It has 350 parishes; 220,000 families,—more than a million Catholics.

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Among the deaths recently recorded are some that take away familiar figures from Catholic Literature: Rev. Joseph Wilhelm, the author of many theological works; Rev. David Bearne, S. J., who has written many delightful stories for boys; and Mrs. Frances Christine Fisher Tiernan, who as "Christian Reid" has endeared herself to the Catholic reading world.

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Catholic parochial schools are often said to be unprogressive and especially unpatriotic. The recent essay contests are the best refutation. In Michigan, where just at present, an effort is being made to ruin them, Catholic pupils took the prizes; St. Louis parochial school pupils surpass even High School competitors; in Iowa, in the Dakotas, in the District of Columbia, in California and Arizona, in Indiana, in the district of Eastern Washington, Northern Idaho and all Montana, in Eastern Washington district, Catholic school pupils win. Even in Florida, the home of the infamous Gov. Catts, a Catholic school pupil heads the list.

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More than a hundred parish priests of the diocese of Grand Rapids, comprising western and northern Michigan, attended a meeting of the Catholic clergy, called by Bishop Edw. D. Kelly, to devise ways and means to protect Catholic parochial schools against the amendment to the state school law proposed by the Wayne County Civic (Bigot) Society.

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Public acknowledgment of a great favor obtained through the intercession of St. Gerard Majella, is asked.—A. H.

The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address.)

I would like you to explain the difference between Solemn Highmass and Solemn Pontifical Highmass.

1) Solemn Highmass is in content the same as the Low Mass. Solemnity consists in two things, principally in the assistance of the celebrant by deacon and subdeacon; secondarily, by the chanting of parts of the Mass.

2) If the celebrant at such a solemn Highmass is a Bishop, it is called a solemn Pontifical Highmass.

Why is the Sunday after Easter called Low Sunday?

1) The origin if the name is uncertain, says Dom C. Alston in the Cath. Encyclopedia. It seems to be derived from the fact that the Sunday after Easter, being the Octave of the feast, was considered part of the Easter feast, so that part of the Ritual is repeated.

2) In liturgical language it is called: Dominica in Albis (because on that day the catechumens laid aside their white baptismal dress), or, Quasimodo Sunday (from the first word in the Introit of the Mass; it is also called Close-Pasch (because it concludes the Easter festival).

I would be very much obliged if you would publish in your esteemed Question Box the idea and meaning of handing a dying person a blessed candle and praying with him at the same time.

The idea and meaning of handing the blessed candle or having it lit on a table near by, must be derived from the general symbolic meaning of candles as used by the Church, and from the ritual of the blessing of candles.

a) From the general symbolic meaning of candles we see that they signify the light of faith, Christ, and the Beatific Vision. Apply this to the dying person and you will see the significance of handing him the blessed candle. 1) As a reminder and profession of his Faith, received in Baptism when he held the baptismal candle, which Faith was the light of his life, his pledge and claim to heaven. 2) Christ, the light of the world, is the victor over death and Satan—the only salva-

tion of man—God hidden in human form, as the burning wick in the pure wax. 3) All through the prayers of the Church for the dead rings the invocation: "let perpetual light shine upon him,"—namely, the light of the countenance of God in the beatific vision,—the light of eternity.

b) From the blessing of candles we gain an additional idea. The prayer of blessing reads: "O Lord Jesus Christ, bless these candles according to our supplications: pour out upon them, through the virtue of thy holy Cross heavenly blessing, O Lord, who didst give them to mankind to dispel darkness; and by the sign of thy holy Cross, may they receive such blessing that, in whatsoever place they be lit or put, the spirits of darkness may depart and tremble, and with all their minions take to flight from those dwellings, nor presume again to trouble or molest those who serve Thee, O Lord, God Almighty."

Candles, therefore, are sacramentals meant to be efficacious especially against the evil spirits, the spirits of darkness. Death is the supreme hour for man as well as for the devil. From what we know of him, he will hardly let this last opportunity to win a soul from God slip. The Church, then, wishes to give us one sacramental more, beautiful in its symbolism, to help us in that last struggle.

Why is the crucifix always on the altar?

a) It is on the altar always because

1. The Real Presence is a constant reminder of Our Lord's Passion and Death.

2. And it was given to us through the Passion and Death of our Redeemer.

b) It is on the altar especially during Mass because

1. The Mass is only the constant repetition of the Sacrifice of Calvary, so that the altar after Consecration is like the Cross with Our Lord upon it, offering His precious Body and Blood for us.

2. And in it the fruits of Christ's Passion and Death are applied to us.

Some Good Books

Spiritism, the Modern Satanism. By Rev. Thomas F. Coakley, D. D. Extension Press, Le Moyne Building, Chicago. \$1.25.

This new book on "the most popular amusement" of late years approaches the question from a somewhat new angle. Taking up the contention that Spiritism is a new religion, Doctor Coakley easily demonstrates on mere historic grounds that instead of being a New Revelation, Modern Spiritism is an ancient heresy, and is merely Anti-Christ masquerading in modern clothes. He contrasts the content and effects of its teaching with those of the Gospel, exposes the manifest contradictions of its messages, the utter absence of adequate proof for its claims, and the baneful results in many of those who have embraced it.

In his introduction, Mr. J. Godfrey Raupert calls attention to the special excellence of the second chapter and we heartily agree with him. In that chapter the author treats the claim of the Spiritists that Christ was a Medium. He shows that "outside of a superficial similarity in a few incidental and accidental details, not at all connected with the events themselves, and having utterly no bearing upon them, there is not a shred of evidence of any kind anywhere adduced to substantiate the claim. On the contrary there are numerous places in the New Testament directly contradicting this unwarranted assumption, and showing not only its improbability, but its impossibility as well."

The Sacrifice of the Mass. By Rev. John Henry, C. Ss. R. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis.

A short paper-covered treatise of 62 pages whose principal object is to make Catholics appreciate more highly this "inexhaustible Fountain of Grace", and thus prevail upon them to draw ever more copiously of its life-giving waters. The titles of a few of the sections will give a good idea of its contents: I. The Meaning of Sacrifice. IV. The Mass is no idolatrous Worship. VI. The four principal ends for which Mass is offered. X. Encouraging examples of hearing Mass daily. XII. A Method of Hearing Mass.

We think this booklet well attains the end for which it was written and suggest it to Pastors for the Parish book rack. It is marked to retail at 15 cents.

Incense of the Soul. By Rev. Albert Rung. Catholic Union Store, Buffalo. 40c net.

The great Doctor of Prayer, St. Alphonsus Liguori, would, we feel quite sure, give this little book of thirty-five pages his hearty approval. Both matter and form would be to his liking. And its purpose is the same as the one he had in view in his important book on prayer—to induce all Christians to have more frequent recourse to this great means of salvation, and to make their prayer what it was meant to be—a raising of the mind and heart to God.

Our Saviour's Own Words. By F. J. Remler, C. M.

Not unfrequently persons have been awakened from a life of tepidity or even of sin by the reading of some passage of Holy Writ. Surely, then, the attentive and devout reading of these texts from Our Lord's own words is bound to produce no small amount of good to souls. The passages are arranged to serve either for daily readings throughout the year, or for longer readings by chapters. Even the busiest can find a few moments time each day to read a text and ponder over it as occasion permits. The book is a handy little volume that can easily be carried in the pocket.

Published by Abbey Student Press, Atchison, Kansas. Black imitation leather 80c, black cloth 65c.

The American Priest. By Rev. George T. Schmidt. Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

This is a book for priests, especially for those in the first years of their sacred ministry. In its twenty chapters they will find many things they already know brought home to them in a new light, and in a way that will go far to increase their zeal and interest for their sacred calling. In words direct, clear, and sincere, the Reverend author treats matters that come up in every field of the priest's daily routine—the pulpit, home, school, and press.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Lucid Intervals</h2>	
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They were on their honeymoon. He has bought a catboat and had taken her out to show her how well he could handle a boat, putting her to tend the sheet. A puff of wind came, and he shouted in no uncertain tone, "Let go the sheet!" No response, then again, "Let go that sheet, quick!" Still no movement. A few minutes after, when both were clinging to the bottom of the overturned boat, he said:

"Why didn't you let go that sheet when I told you to, dear?"

"I would have," said the bride, "if you had not been so rough about it. You ought to speak more kindly to your wife."

"So the doctor told you to go to a warmer climate. What was the nature of the trouble you consulted him about?"

"I went there to collect a bill"

Parson—"Who is making that terrible noise and using that terrible language in your house, Mrs. Peterson?"

Mrs. Peterson—"It's only my husband. He wants to go to church and can't find his prayer-book."

It was at a political meeting and there was much excitement. In the midst of one speech a cabbage came sailing through the air and struck the orator in the chest. He stopped for a moment, then blandly remarked: "Gentlemen, I fear somebody in the audience has lost his head."

Lady—"Here, my poor fellow, is a quarter for you. It must be dreadful to be lame, but I think it must be worse to be blind."

Tramp—"It is, mum. When I was blind they was always handing me counterfeit quarters."

McTavish and Macpherson are adrift at sea in an open boat.

McTavish (on knees)—"Oh Lord, I ken I've broken maist o' thy commandments. And I've been a hard drinker all my days. But, O Lord, if we're spared this time, I promise never—"

Macpherson (scanning horizon)—"I widna commit mysel' ower far, Donald. I think I see land!"

"You says you was de only man ob de intire comp'ny what come out ob de battle alibe? How come dat to happen, Mistah Johnsing?"

"Well, suh, Ah heerd dem bullets comin' right smart aroun' me, but Ah 'kep' cool, an' when de cannon balls landed alongside ob me Ah was still cool, you understan'; but when Ah foun' dey was a-sendin' de gas ober, Ah wasn't sure about de virtue ob mah rabbit's foot agin dat newfangled stuff, an' Ah kindah looks aroun'. Dere Ah sees de gran' old flag a flyin', an'—well, suh, Ah jest nacherly flew too!"

Harold—I thought you made a resolution not to drink any more.

Percy—I did.

Harold—But you are drinking as much as ever.

Percy—Well, that isn't any more, is it?

"Ma, I just hate this bread with holes in it."

"Don't be so fussy! You needn't eat the holes—leave 'em on your plate."

Village Constable (to villager who has been knocked down by passing motor-cyclist)—"You didn't see the number, but could you swear to the man?"

Villager—"I did, but I don't think 'e 'eard me."

Dear Mr. Solomon:

I have a date with a young man recently recovered from smallpox. My mother doesn't like his face. Do you think I ought to break it? Sweetie.

Dear Sweetie:

If it is only his face that attracts you break it. But let your conscience be your guide.

The great ocean liner rolled and pitched.

"Henry," faltered the young bride, "do you still love me?"

"More than ever, darling," was Henry's fervent answer.

Then there was an eloquent silence.

"Henry," she gasped, turning her pale, ghastly face away. "I thought that would make me feel better, but it doesn't!"